THE FLOWN BIRD.

The maple's leaves are whirled away;
The depths of the great pines are stirred;
Night settles on the sullen day,
As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth from town to town,
Through the lone wood and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me;
I followed, and I follow yet—
I have forgotten to forget.

My heart goes back, but I go on,
Through summer heat and winter snow;
Poor heart, we are no longer one,
But are divided by our woe.
Go to the nest I built and call—
She may be hiding after all—
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains;
My sleeves with tears are always wet—
I have forgotten to forget.

Men know my story, but not me—
For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
Exists not in the world to-day.
If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest;
Constant they are not—only good
To bill and coo, and hatch the brood;
He has but one thing to regret—
He has forgotten to forget.

All day I see the ravens fly,
I hear the sea-birds scream all night;
The moon goes up and down the sky,
The sun comes in with ghastly light;
Leaves whirl, white flakes around me blow—
Are they spring blossoms or the snow?
Only my hair? Good by, my heart,
The time has come for us to part;
Be still! You will be happy yet—
For death remembers to forget.

—*Translated from the Japanese.*

THEIR SECOND YOUTH.

The Lady Annabel sat in a small room in her father's castle, looking out of a window which overlooked a wide landscape. Her maidens were in a little group at the other end of the apartment busily engaged at their embroidery, laughing and chattering and whispering, just as they might were they alive now—for this was many years ago and they are all dead and buried. The Lady Annabel took no notice of them; she was thinking. At last she looked up and yawned—"Oh, I am so sleepy and thirsty! Mabel, bring me some water."

Mabel obeyed—and as she received the cup again, she said "Your Ladyship will not be sleepy to-morrow!"

"To-morrow! What is to-morrow?"

"Does not your Ladyship recollect that to-morrow is your Ladyship's birthday? and——"

"My birthday? Oh, yes, so it is. I had forgotten all about it. We are to have a merry time of it, I believe; but I am sure I feel in no humor for merriment now. Lay down your work, girls, for a little while, and take a stroll in the garden."

When she found herself alone, the Lady Annabel walked up and down the small apartment, then stopping before the looking glass she said: "My birthday! Am I indeed twenty-nine to-morrow? Twenty-nine! that sounds old! It is ten years since my father came into possession of this estate, and every one of those years have passed one just like another. I feel no older than I was then. I look no older." And she looked again into the mirror.

"I am no older in any one respect. How I wish they would let my birthday pass by in silence, and not distress me by publishing to all the assembled crowd that the Lady Annabel is now twenty-nine!"

Her reverie was here disturbed by the hasty entrance of her father.

"Why, what makes you look so downcast, daughter? For shame! go down and assist in the preparations for to-morrow's feast, instead of moping here. But I must not forget to tell you I saw my neighbor L—— this morning. We passed through his grounds, and he joined our hunting party."

At this the Lady Annabel's color heightened visibly.

"He says he expects his son back in a few months; and he and I were settling, that as our estates touch, and as he has but one son, and I have but the daughter——; but I hear my men; they have brought home the stags—one of them has such horns! You must come down after awhile and see them." So saying he left her.

"And Jasper is coming home," continued the Lady Annabel to herself. "How well do I remember the first time I saw him—it was on my birthday! I was 12 years old, and, although he was just my age, I was a tall girl and he a little boy. I refused to dance with him because he was a whole head shorter than I—but if my father and his have such plans for us——"

At this moment her companions returned, and, quieting their laughing countenances, sat down again to their embroidery.

The next day was one of unusual festivity. By mid-day the hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen of high degree, from far and near. The music was loud, and dancing and feasting was the order of the day. The Lady Annabel, contrary to her expectation, was beguiled by the joy she saw on every face around her, and entered with great vivacity into every sport that was proposed. No laugh so loud as hers—no movement so full of glee. Late at night, when the guests had departed, she threw herself, flushed and excited, into a large chair in her own room, and began to loosen the rose from her hair.

So it is all over, and I have been happy, very happy, indeed I have—only the recollection that it was my birthday would intrude itself upon me, to damp my enjoyment, every now and then. I heard several people ask if it were true that it was my twenty-ninth birthday—they did not know it was my twenty-ninth. And that odious Miss What's-her-name actually said I looked very well for that, very well, indeed. I should be glad, I know, to see her look half so well, though she was, as she says, a baby when I was almost grown up. Twenty-nine! twenty-nine! Oh! I wish I was not so old!" and, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

Let us pass over a few months. The neighbor's long-expected son has come home, and Lady Annabel is in a state of anxiety, for her heart is true to her first love, despite her twenty-nine years. Her father and his neighbor are a great deal together, looking over papers and inspecting boundary lines; but, contrary to all expectation, the neighbor's son turns out perverse, as neighbors' sons are apt to do, and begins a flirtation with a little girl of sixteen, as poor as a rat. His father frowned, Annabel's father frowned, and Annabel—she remembered her twenty-nine years.

This state of things continued for some months, in spite of various remonstrances on the part of one father and polite speeches on the part of the other. In vain title deeds were shown him—in vain the contiguous estates were talked over and walked over. Jasper remained immovable.

At last, upon being formally and rigorously appealed to by his father as to his intentions concerning Lady Annabel, he obstinately refused to enter into any engagement with her whatsoever, alleging as a reason that she was too old to be his wife, and adding, she might be informed of his having said so, for aught he cared.

Two days after he put the finishing stroke to his disobedience by eloping with the before-mentioned little girl of 16.

All this was conveyed to the Lady Annabel by her offended and indignant father. And now, indeed, was she unhappy—for she really loved this man, and knew herself to have been loved by him some years before.

"Too old for him, indeed!—too old for him! God knows my love for him may be older than it was, but it is only the stronger, the more enduring. Cruel, cruel Jasper, to cast me off thus; and for what?—because I am 29! Surely I am the same that I have always been. And he reproached me with the years that have taken away none of my beauty; he might as well lay to my charge the age that passed before I was born."

But so it was, in spite of all her grief. It was then as it is now, as it always has been and always will be—man speaks, and woman abides by it. The Lady Annabel pined, and grieved and wept in secret; and talked and laughed and jested about the elopement in public; and for a while no one knew that hers was a heavy-laden heart.

Tears do a great deal of mischief in the world. In the Lady Annabel's case they did a great deal. They took all the luster from her bright eyes; they washed away the color from her cheeks, and rolling down they wore for themselves channels in her smooth skin, so that by her 30th birthday people began to say, "the Lady Annabel is very much faded"—"the Lady Annabel is not quite so young as she was"—and one little lady, the odious little lady, as Lady Annabel had called her a year ago, was heard to say—"I did think she wore very well, but I don't think so now. To be sure, poor thing, she is getting on pretty well."

This time the Lady Annabel entreated her father to omit the usual merry-making. She spent the day alone in her own room.

"Thirty years old! How it distressed me a year ago to think I was 29. I have no such feelings now. Jasper was right when he said I was too old for him. How would my careworn, sorrowful face look in company with his blooming appearance? They talked of a ball for to-night—how my heart shrank from such a thing! I at a ball! No—this dimly-lighted room suits me better. Jasper was right. But then, if he had still loved me, would my youth and beauty have gone so soon? Perhaps not—but they are gone. And what is left to me? A dull, joyless life of regret."

But she was wrong—she was not quite as old as she thought. A few years passed away. Her violent sorrow became changed by degrees into a melancholy, and then into a gravity. They rarely saw her laugh, but she was very often cheerful. She had put away her ornaments—her jewels—it is true, but her attire was always becoming and elegant. Her father's dwelling continued to be the resort of his numerous friends. She mingled with them but seldom, and smiled when the odious little lady, now Mrs. Somebody, talked about old maids. Meanwhile Jasper was never heard of—his angry father having refused to correspond with him. He seemed to be everywhere forgotten, and he was—everywhere but in one place.

But grief will wear itself out. After a while Annabel at first listened, and then joined in the conversation of her father's guests, and found herself by degrees returning the interest evinced for her by a country gentleman of some property in the neighborhood, about ten years older than herself. She was now 35.

The next thing was a wedding at the hall, and no one seemed in higher spirits than the bride herself, decked in the ornaments which had laid in their cases for five years. Annabel was young again.

Let us pass over five years of quiet domestic happiness—for, although her feelings toward her husband were very different from those called forth by her first love, still she was attached to the worthy man. * * * * *

Her black dress and ugly cap, no less than her slow gait and saddened air, showed her to be a widow. Lonely and desolate since her bereavement, she has again taken up her residence with her father, and inhabits the same little room she formerly did.

A few months more, and her father's death increased her seclusion. She has no relation left on earth, and earnestly and bitterly does she pray that she may die, and leave this world of sorrows. She receives no visitors, and never appears abroad—only now and then, late in the afternoon, when the weather is fine, her tall, closely-veiled figure may be seen walking slowly through the shady walks about the castle, and the village children coming home from school peep at her through the hedge and whisper: "It is only the old lady taking her walk."

We said visitors were never admitted there, and they were not. So much the greater then was the surprise of all the servants when, one day, a fine-looking, middle-aged man was seen in the large parlor in converse with their mistress; this was repeated so often that at last it became quite a customary thing. She took no more solitary walks; her black veil was laid aside; her close cap again gave way to her glossy hair—glossy still, though streaked with gray. Her youth was coming back—for was not this Jasper—the Jasper of old—her first love? Poor Jasper! he had been unhappy in his marriage, and upon his wife's death had come home with his son after long years spent in poverty abroad.

He did not think the Lady Annabel too old for him now, so the castle was the second time illuminated for a marriage, and a second time were the jewels taken from their cases.

"Jasper," said Annabel, "the world will call us an old couple. It is true years have passed over us. We have been old, both of us, but it was sorrow that made us so, not time. Sorrow has left us now, and time has brought us to this, our second youth. Is it not so? For, although they speak the truth when they say both of us have gray hairs, yet, if they could but see our hearts, they would say there is youth yet in them—as in the day when I would not dance with you because you were a head shorter than I, or the day when you deserted me because I was too old for you."

THE RICHEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, containing a population of about 100,000, is said to be the richest city of its size in the whole world. If its wealth were equally divided among its inhabitants, every man, woman and child would have, it is said, 20,000 marks, or some $5,000 apiece. There are, as may be supposed, a good many poor people in the town, but the citizens are, as a whole, in unusually comfortable circumstances, more so probably than the citizens of any other capital in Germany or Europe. It is stated that there are 100 Frankforters worth from $4,000,000 to $7,000,000 each, and 250 who are worth $3,000,000 and upward. The city is one of the great banking centers of the globe. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at $2,000,000,000, more than one-fourth of which the famous Rothschilds, whose original and parent house is there, own and control. The annual transactions in bills of exchange are in excess of $100,000,000. Its general trade and manufacturing industries have greatly increased since the formation of the German empire, to which Frankfort was originally averse, being a free city and an opponent of Prussia, until coerced, in July, 1866, by Gen. Von Falkenstein, who entered it at the head of an army and imposed a fine of 31,000,000 florins for its insubordination. Frankfort is such a place for conventions and assemblies of all sorts that it is apt to be full of strangers, and is consequently very expensive, and by no means satisfactory to tarry in.

An amusing incident occurred at the Pension Office the other day. One of the examiners, in looking over the papers of an applicant for a pension, found that it was indorsed by Rutherford B. Hayes, of Fremont, Ohio. As is customary when the character of the persons indorsing the claim are unknown, the Postmaster of the town is written to for information. The examiner evidently did not know who Rutherford B. Hayes was, as he wrote to the Postmaster at Fremont, Ohio, making the usual inquiries. Greatness disappears with unusual rapidity.

INHERITED PERILS.

Foremost among the perils of life, in all its stages, but especially in its early stages, are the inherited. We may safely say that no one is born free from taint of disease, and we may almost say with equal certainty that there is no definable disease that does not admit of being called hereditary, unless it be accidentally produced. To what is known as specific disease, the disease of diseases; to struma, or scrofula, and its ally, if not the same, tubercular affections; to cancer, to rheumatism and gout, and to alcoholic degeneration, the grand perils of life are mainly due. These are the bases of so many diseases which bear different names; these so modify diseases which may in themselves be distinct, that if they were removed the dangers would be reduced to a minimum. These diseased conditions do not, however, exhaust the list of fatal common inheritances. On many occasions for several years past I have observed and maintained the observation that some diseases, as communicable, infectious or contagious, are also classifiable under this head. I am satisfied that quinsy, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and even what is called brain fever, typnoid, are often of hereditary character. I have known a family in which four members have suffered from diphtheria, a parent having had the same affection, and probably a grandparent. I have known a family in which five members have, at various periods, suffered from typhoid, a parent and a grandparent having been subject to the same disease. I have known a family in which quinsy has been the marked family characteristic for four generations. These persons have been the sufferers from the diseases named, without any obvious contraction of the diseases, and without having any companions in their sufferings. They were, in fact, predisposed to produce the poisons of the disease in their own bodies, as the cobra is to produce the poisonous secretion, which, in its case, is a part of its natural organization.—*Dr. Richardson, in Fraser's Magazine.*

THE UGLIEST OF ALL RACES.

The ancient Huns seem to have been the ugliest of all the ugly races of Central Asia; and the homeliest individual—with one exception—was probably the "Veiled Prophet of Bokhara," Mullah Ibu Said, the repulsiveness of whose features was so overpowering that he did not dare to show himself without a mask, for which he afterward substituted a golden veil, whence his surname, Almukana—"The Veiled One." Yet, his biographer, Ibu Chaldir, assures us that an elder cousin of Almukana, who proudly disdained to hide his face, exceeded him not only in erudition but also in ugliness. This man, called Kofta Ben Lukas, and famous as a philosopher and grammarian, must actually have been the ne plus ultra of homeliness. He was an accomplished teacher of languages, but the only pupils he could procure at the Lyceum of Bagdad were adult males, of exceptional fortitude, all others being overcome by the terrors of his presence. When Almohadi, the Caliph, inquired after the best teacher of the Prussian language, the name of Ben Lukas was mentioned among those of the highest merit, but when further inquiries proved this worthy to be identical with the formidable licentiate of Bagdad, Almohadi, who wanted the instructor for his own son, was earnestly advised to alter his choice, as a Prince of such tender years would surely succumb to nervous prostration at the first grammatical interview. The Caliph ridiculed these fears and ordered the grammarian to report at his court; but no sooner had Kofta Ben Lukas made his salaam to the Commander of the Faithful than he was presented with a purse of 450 golden denarii and offered fifty more if he would leave the capital before night. He had been summoned through a misunderstanding, they told him, and the Caliph did not wish it to become public that by his mistake an illustrious scholar had thus been foolishly interrupted in his studies.

The National Board of Health has formulated a statement showing the number of deaths from small-pox which occurred in 66 cities of the Union during the year 1881. In Philadelphia there were 1,319 fatal cases during the year. Chicago had 822 deaths; New York, 454; but Pittsburgh in proportion to population had a much larger death rate from small-pox, her mortality reaching 444. Jersey City records 202 deaths, and Wilmington, Del., with a population of 42,000, shows 118. Allegheny, Pa., 108; Richmond, 144; Brownsville, 65; Cincinnati, 59; San Francisco, 47; Louisville, 18; Plainfield, N. J., 24, and Brooklyn, N. Y., 34 fatal cases. Washington and the District of Columbia escaped with but two deaths.

Mrs. Hester Von Der Linde Jackson gave a reception at Newark, N. Y., which was the centennial anniversary of her birth. Her descendants number eighty, among whom are ten great-great-grandchildren. Mrs. Jackson looks twenty years younger than her actual age. Her memory of past events is clear. She met and knew Lafayette, and was a girl of 17 when Washington died.

INDIA-RUBBER GATHERING.

When the hunter has found a rubber tree, he first clears away a space from the roots, and then moves on in search of others, returning to commence operations as soon as he has marked all the trees in the vicinity. He first of all digs a hole in the ground hard by, and then cuts in the tree a V-shaped incision, with a machete, as high as he can reach. The milk is caught as it exudes and flows into the hole. As soon as the flow from the cuts has ceased the tree is cut down, and the trunk raised from the ground by means of an improvised trestle. After placing large leaves to catch the sap, gashes are cut throughout the entire length, and the milk carefully collected. When it first exudes the sap is of the whiteness and consistence of cream, but it turns black on exposure to the air. When the hole is filled with rubber, it is coagulated by adding hard soap or the root of the mechvacan, which have a most rapid action, and prevent the escape of the water that is always present in the fresh sap. When coagulated sufficiently, the rubber is carried on the backs of the hunters by bark thongs to the banks of the river and floated down on rafts. The annual destruction of rubber trees in Columbia is very great, and the industry must soon disappear altogether, unless the Government puts in force a law that already exists, which compels the hunters to tap the trees without cutting them down. If this law were strictly carried out there would be a good opening for commercial enterprise, for rubber trees will grow from eight to ten inches in diameter in three or four years from seed. The trees require but little attention, and begin to yield returns sooner than any other. Those that yield the greatest amount of rubber flourish on the banks of the Simu and Aslato rivers. The value of the crude India-rubber imported into the States annually is about $10,000,000.

THE ENGLISH PAPER TAX.

At the time I commenced the *Journal* the duty on paper paid by the manufacturer was 3d per pound weight, which formed a grevious burden on every sort of publication. About 1840 publishers generally began to make earnest efforts to get rid of this tax, which pressed with special cruelty on the cheaper class of works. In this movement, which on a lesser scale resembled the Corn-law agitation, I took a somewhat conspicuous part. The "Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," issued by W. & R. Chambers, and which extended to 20-shilling volumes, with a circulation of 80,000 copies, was absolutely choked to death by the tax. The anticipated profits on the work were literally nothing, for the whole had been absorbed by the duties on paper. The Government, with no trouble or risk, having got all the profits on this popular little work, it was given up. Cases of this kind were impressed upon the attention of the Legislature. Mr. Milner Gibson, member of Parliament, zealously helped the movement, which was at length successful. The repeal of the paper duty took effect on Oct. 1, 1861. Already, in 1853, the advertisement duty, 18d each, had been removed; and in 1855 the newspaper stamp was abolished; wherefore, with the abolition of the paper duty, 1861, the press in all its departments was set thoroughly free from fiscal exactions. In these few facts young people wil learn how newspapers have been so wondrously cheapened and extended in circulation.—*W. Chambers, in Chambers' Journal.*

ATTAR OF ROSES.

In the war plains of Turkey, south of the Balkan mountains, whole districts are covered with rose plants, set in lines about five feet apart, and tended for some years with the greatest care. At length, on some fresh, sweet morning of early summer, while the roses are yet wet with dew, the tender flowers are torn off by the laborers, and cast at once by heaps into huge coppers, there to boil for hours in clean rain water. The fragrant steam is carried along a tube, and on cooling becomes a kind of thick rose water. This is boiled up again, and its vapor cooled into a liquid, on the top of which floats a yellowish, oily scum that is known as "attar of roses." It takes about 4,000 pounds of roses to make one pound of attar. Once a merchan opened a cupboard in his store, and showed a visitor thirty glass bottles, in which, he said, was $60,000 worth of the precious essence. This quanity must have taken nearly 4,000,000 pounds of roses in making. But maybe, after all, their fragrance in that form would give more and longer-lasting pleasure than could have been given by the flowers had they been left upon their bushes, where they would have cheered only the passer-by.

Oscar Kinsman, of Poultney, Vt., received a cut on the thumb. Regarding it of little importance, he continued his work of drawing slate. Having bruised and scratched the wound, he caught cold in it, and the thumb began to swell. Three weeks after receiving the wound a physician was called, and the sick man said, "I am glad you have come; I am feeling tired." The doctor felt Kinsman's pulse and it was still, and in a few minutes he was dead. The young man had been married only a short time.

PLEASANTRIES.

When is a circus clown not a clown? When he's a tumbler.

A successful debater—The hornet always carries his point.

The strength of the farmer is oftentimes concentrated in his butter.

Prof. Snoozles says that estheticism is the crankiness of esthetics, or esthetics gone Wilde.

Printing for the blind was easily accomplished as soon as the printers could raise the letters.

The phrenologist is governed more by his feelings than any man in any other business.

The good die young. The bad live to lie about the weather and are spoken of as the oldest inhabitants.

Had Hotspur been a sailor he need never have gone without his grog; he could call spirits from the vasty deep.

The Philadelphia *News* says that a New York policeman has been promoted because he caught a miserable cold one day.

The latest esthetic slang the ladies use when reproving their admiring gentlemen friends is: "You flatter too awfully perfectly much."

Leading out of the village of Hope, N. J., is a covered bridge, upon which somebody has written: "Who enters here leaves Hope behind."

Jones says that he used to be proficient in half a dozen languages, but since he was married he is not even master of his own tongue.

"What is that, mother?" "It is the Legislature, my child." "What does it do, mother?" "It repeals acts passed by the Legislature, my child."

Recitation in Political Economy—Senior (afraid of being called up)—"What's the foundation of the Bank of England?" Special—"Brick, I think."

Master—"What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?" Scholar—"He says a brute is an imperfect animal." "And what is man?" "Man is a perfect brute."

In analyzing green tea, the authorities of Berlin found that some of it was adulterated with flowers of hay, cocoa, potato and corn. After this one can understand why so many old ladies look upon a cup of tea as victuals.

J. P. B., Galveston—"I want to write something for your paper. What style of matter do you like best? I want you to answer this without any foolishness." Single column display (without cut), w. 1y., is the sort of matter we like best. Send us some. See rates sent by mail.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Parisian, after arraying himself elaborately with gaiters, game-bag and gun, accompanied by his faithful dog, went forth to hunt, but shot nothing. Deeming it unsatisfactory to return empty-handed to the house, he stopped at the market and bought a hare, which he presented to his wife. "Ah," said his wife, "so you killed it? You did right. It was high time. He is beginning to decay."

A foolish old woman, being one evening at a party, was greatly at a loss for something to say. At length she ventured to inquire of gentleman who sat next to her whether his mother had any children. The gentleman politely pointed out the absurdity of her inquiry. "I beg pardon," exclaimed the old lady, perceiving her mistake—"you don't understand me. I wish to inquire whether your grandmother had any children."

IT HAD TAKEN.

Why is she so cold? Is it because
I flirted at the ball?
Or is it that on New Year's day,
I had not time to call?
Perhaps she saw me sit beside
Miss Thompson on the stairs;
But then one always does so
At those beastly crush affairs.
Can it—ah, no, it must not be?
All else might do no harm;
But I am lost if I have hurt
Her vaccinated arm!

A farmer in Southwest Virginia, having visited a neighbor to pay him $70 which he owed him, was persuaded by a neighbor's wife, on account of the storm, to stay all night. During the night he was awakened by a noise, and, pistol in hand, went down stairs to ascertain the cause. In the room below he found his neighbor's wife dead, with her throat cut, and two men just escaping through the door. He emptied his revolver, killing both of them. The neighbors gathered, and when the bodies of the robbers were examined they proved to be those of two women, disguised in men's clothing, who were calling that afternoon and saw the farmer pay the money to his creditor's wife.

Daniel Webster's birthplace is a farm near Franklin, N. H. G. W. Nesmith, the owner of the farm, has joined a movement started by the citizens of Franklin, Concord and Salisbury for a local Webster centennial on the old place next June. A field where Daniel used to sit on the fence and watch his father hoe corn will be shown to visitors.

A Boston boy stuck a pin in Oscar Wilde's leg to see if it was sawdust. If some one would stick a pin in his head there might be a discovery.